

Vulgus Britannicus:
OR, THE
British HUDIBRASS.

Part the Second.

*Altera jam teritur multis Factionibus atas:
Suis & sua Sacra manibus ruunt.*



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Vulgus Britannicus:
OR, THE
British HUDIBRASS.

PART II.

CANTO V.

*The burning of the Clock, and the
Speech of a Holy Brother to the
Poor Machine, before it was com-
mitted to the Devouring Flames.*

THE growing Flame now thriv'd apace;
And spread its Lustre round the place:
In Ruffling Sheets arose on high,
And stain'd with Red the Distant Sky;

54 CANTO V.

That Learn'd *Astrologers* might know,
 By th' Heav'ns what was done *below*;
 And in the Bright *Reflexion* see,
 The Graceless *Rabble's* Cruelty;
 Who danc'd and hollow'd round the Flame,
 And loudly glory'd in their *Shame*;
 Whilst fiery Flakes and Sparks were cast,
 From *Crackling Planks* that spit their last
 Upon their Sweaty *Heads* and *Faces*,
 Who'd torn them from their *Sacred Places*;
 So *Foxes* when they're weary grown,
 And by the *Dogs* quite hunted down;
 At last when all *Resistance* fails,
 They Dung and Piss upon their *Tails*,
 And dying, whisk it in the *Eyes*
 Of their voracious *Enemies*.

As the proud *Flames* the fiercer grew,
 Around the Pile more *Rabble* drew;
 Rattling their *Broomstaves*, and their *Clubs*,
 That Foes might dread their *Knocks* and *Drubs*;

Expressing in a *Gen'ral Voice*,
 Their mutual *Madness* and their *Joys*,
 Jostling and thumping one another,
 In Jest, to try each *Hardy Brother*;
 That they might guess by this their *Clubbing*,
 Who would, or would not stand a drubbing;
 In case that they should meet and squabble,
 With some resisting *Low Church Rabble*;
 So *Bully Hectors* and *Bravadoes*,
 Those *Hotbrain'd, Drunken Desperadoes*,
 Whose *Looks* are seldom free from *Scars*,
 Acquir'd in *Tavern-Broils* and *Wars*,
 Fall out among themselves to try,
 The *Courage* of their *Friends* thereby;
 That they may know how far they'll Run
 A *Risque*, when they're depended on,

The *Rabble* taking much delight,
 To see their *Trophies* shine so bright;
 Did the same *Frantick Joy* express,
 As on the Day of *Good Queen Bess*;

Or when th' assemble to remember,
 The Fourth or Fifth Day of November;
 The Kingdom say'd upon the one,
 On t'other like to've been undone;
 So neither Prince or Powder-Plot,
 Should be by Protestants forgot;
 Since most Men do affirm I know,
 That we as many Blessings owe,
 To One's Successes and Anointment,
 As to the other's Disappointment;
 We therefore ought, who can't deny
 The wondrous Good we've reap'd thereby;
 T' express our Joy so much the rather,
 'Cause two such Days thus Jump together.

Whilst each lib'd Pew, and matted Form,
 That kept the S . . . s Posteriors warm;
 Long Occupy'd by Pious Dames,
 Were now consigning in the Flames;
 The Faithful Clock which oft before,
 Had pointed to the Ruddying Hour;

And

And told the *Preacher* many a time,
 When Pig and Goose were in their Prime;
 And when the *Lifs'ning* Saints and Sinners,
 Were ready for their *Courser Dinners*;
 Was now advanc'd upon a Rail,
 Near *Neighbour* to the *Flaming Pile*;
 That as the *Hand* with leisure turn'd,
 The *Mob* might see how fast it burn'd;
 But as the costly *Engine* stood,
 Lock'd up in *Transitory Wood*;
 A sad relenting Son of Grace,
 With weeping Eyes and Meager Face,
 Fetch'd a deep Sigh before he spoke,
 And thus bemoan'd the *Moving Clock*,

Ah Poor *Machine*, how oft alas!
 Have I beheld thee thro' thy *Glass*;
 And watch'd thee with a *Wishing Eye*,
 Till th' hungry Hour of *Twelve* drew nigh;
 That thou might'st tell our faithful *Pastor*,
 Who long had been thy *Careful Master*;

When

When the *Fowls* waited for my *Lady*,
 And *Alenise's* Buttock Beef was ready;
 When *Night Cap Bakers* were about,
 To draw their *Pies* and *Puddings* out;
 And when his own *Cook-Maid* began,
 To Curse him o'er the *Dripping-pan*,
 And fret and fume for fear the *Boil'd*
 Young *Cock* should, alas, be spoil'd;
 Or that the *Turkey*, *Goose*, or *Pheasant*,
 Sent by some *Hearer* as a *Present*,
 Should by his over painful *Teaching*,
 To her *Disgrace* that ruin'd the *Kitchen*,
 Be pall'd, o'er-chastised and unfit,
 For such a *Fine-mouth'd Salt* to eat,
 Who does not only truly know
 What's Good for *ch' Soul*, but *Body* too;
 And tho' he rails at those *Wretches*,
 As *Hirelings*, who have *One* in *Ten*,
 He can be *Merry*, *Brisk* and *Bush*,
 O'er a *Fat Pig* that is no *Tyke*,
 Tho' sent him by some *Holy Brother*,
 Who can't afford himself another.

But 'tis allow'd our *Guides* may dine,
 On Dainty *Bits*, and costly Wine;
 Whilst we beneath their *Nursing Care*,
 Content our selves with *Courser Fare*.

O Useful Engine! after all
 Thy Service, must I mourn thy Fall;
 Thou that hast not one erring Wheel
 Within thee, made of *Popish Steel*;
 Nor in thy Wheels one *High Church Tooth*,
 To make thee vary from the Truth;
 But by thy *Motions* shews thou'rt full,
 Of *Revolution Principle*;
 And that in spite of *Pope* thou art,
 True *Protestant* in e'ery Part;
 Ne'er Ran too fast, or mov'd too slow,
 But did with *Moderation* go;
 Nor didst thou like designing *Brother*,
 Proceed one way, and point another;
 But by thy constant *Course Proclaim*,
 Thy *Hand* and *Heart* were still the same.

O wretched Prodigy of Art,
 I wish I could thy *Doom* divert ;
 How gladly would I take thee Home,
 And place thee in my finest *Room* ;
 Pray by thee twice or thrice a Day,
 And Watch thee too as well as Pray ;
 Make thee the darling of my *Wife*;
 Preserve thee as I would my *Life*.

But Ah, thy Melancholy Tick,
 That sounds, alas, so *Death-watch* like ;
 Does to my frightened *Ears* foretel,
 Thy Fate is irrevocable ;
 And that the *Varnish'd Case* you wear,
 Japan'd with so much *Art* and *Care* ;
 Must soon be made, to please the *Croud*,
 Your *Mourning Coffin* or your *Shroud* ;
 And that you've only now the *Pow'r*,
 To point out the unhappy *Hour* ;
 Wherein your *Motion* must expire,
 In this *Revengeful Wicked Fire* ;

And

And you be made the Sport and Mock
Of Fools, and cease to be a Clock;
So fare thee well, I must forsake thee,
The Rogues are coming now to take thee.

No sooner had he whisper'd forth
These words, and told the Clock its Worth;
Which on the Rail preserv'd its motion,
Till snatch'd from thence to execution,
But Captain Tom with Boatwain's Voice,
Commands a File of Jolly Boys,
To bring the poor condemn'd Machine,
To th' flaming Pile, and cast therein
The costly Timist, loudly Crying;
'Twas given to Fanatick Lying,
And therefore ought, says all the Scrubs,
To perish with the Tab of Tabs;
So in they heav'd, Time's Mensurator,
Who never mov'd one Moment a'ter;
But like a gentle Low-Church Lamb,
Submitted to the High-Church Flame;

At parting gave the time of Day,
 And then in silence slid away.
 Thus what much *Time* and *Pains* had *Cost*,
 Was in one fatal *Minute* lost ;
 So when the Roundhead *Rabble* Reign'd,
 And *Holy Things* were much profan'd ;
 They burnt all *Popish Trinkets*, also
 Whate'er themselves were pleas'd to call so ;
 That should this prove a *Popish Plot*,
 As some say 'tis, and others not :
 They've but return'd in all this stir,
 A *Rowland* for an *Oliver*.

The *Tub*, the *Clock*, the *Forms* and *Pews*,
 Which *Calvin's* Saints were wont to use ;
 The *Rafters*, *Beams* and *Window Frames*,
 Were all catch'd hold of by the *Flames* ;
 So that the *Fruits* of this their *Rapine*,
 Were now pass'd danger of escaping ;
 In Case the *Brawny Guards* from Court,
 Had come to interrupt their Sport ;

For, lo, the Ornamental Wood,
 That once in beautiful Order stood,
 And e'ery stubborn Timber-piece,
 Began to crackle Smeak and Hiss,
 That none could snatch away the Firing,
 Without the hazard of Expiring,
 Tho' some Good Men, who little thought,
 To see so sad a sight G...d not;
 In doleful Dumps, stood sighing by,
 And view'd the Fire with watry Eye;
 As if they meant to weep a Flood,
 That should have rescu'd if they Cou'd,
 From Wicked Flames the Sacred Wood.

So Bunting Bess, and Oyster Nan,
 Behold with Grief the handsome Man;
 Who from the Villain's Dismal Gate,
 Is riding backwards to his Fate;
 Attend the Wretch with mournful Cries,
 Set off with dripping Blubber'd Eyes;
 And wring their Hands with great Devotion,
 But cannot stop the Execution.

When now the *Holy Gods* were past
 Relief, and bound to see their last;
 And to the Noisy *Mob's* desire,
 The Carcase of the *Raging Fire*;
 That flaming Product of their *Fury*,
 Was in the Zenith of its *Glorie*;
 The *Croud* to farther *Mischief* bent,
 Began to think their time mispent;
 Therefore with *Captain Tom* their *Leader*,
 They call'd a *Council* to consider,
 What further *Work* they'd left undone;
 That might that *Night* be carry'd on;
 So the *State Fox*, who with Success,
 Has Crown'd one daring *Wickedness*,
 Consults with some assisting *Brother*,
 Which way to perpetrate another.

No sooner had their *Heads* been laid
 Together, and *Proposals* made;
 But they concluded to divide,
 And then more *Tobs* the *Babble* cry'd.

When

When the Herd, likeing this Advice,
 Had loudly hollow'd twice or thrice;
 To shew their Joyful Approbation,
 Of some new Whim in Agitation;
 The Captains of the bold Rascallions
 Next, form'd 'em into four Battallions;
 That being sev'rally imploy'd,
 Divers at once might be destroy'd;
 And the more Holy Places feel
 The sad effects of Frantick Zeal;
 Some shouting in a Boistrous Throng,
 Tow'rds *Nevel's Ally* march'd along;
 Others as loud and mad as they,
 To *Alesbry Chappel* made their Way;
 A third detachment of the Herd,
 For *Black Fryars Meeting-house* declar'd;
 The Fourth Division in a heat,
 Cry'd one and all for *Kerbystreet*;
 Thus wilder far than Unback'd Horses,
 They hollowing steer'd their sev'ral Courses;
 With equal Resolution bent,
 To further shew their Ill intent;

And

And not to leave one Shop of Grace,
 They met with standing in its Place;
 No wonder so Robust a Crew,
 Should such Infernal Work pursue;
 Since those in higher Stations blest,
 Make all Religion but a Jest;
 And by the Disregard they shew it,
 Teach Others to be Foes unto it.

CANTO VI

*Their further Mischiefs, and the
 suppressing of the Rabble, by the
 Guards.*

NO sooner were each noisy Rude
 Division of the ~~Daring~~ Crouds
 Brought, by their furious Chiefs before,
 A Meeting-Window, or a Door;
 But Clubs and Staves, and other Tackle,
 Soon forc'd the Boarded Tabernacle;

And

And serv'd the roaring *Desperadoes*,
 Instead of *Bombs* and *Handgranadoes*;
 For e'ery strong revengeful *Stroak*,
 And eager bold destructive *Knock*;
 Were given with so good a *Heart*,
 They made a *Board* or *Pannel* start;
 No artful *Strength* of *Bar* or *Bolt*,
 Could stand so vigorous an *Assault*;
 Where willing *Hands* in *Concord* Joyn'd,
 Soon finish'd what the *Brutes* design'd;
 Who ne'er stood musing shilly shall I;
 But when they'd enter'd *Meeting Ally*,
 Like *Furies* nimbly fell to work,
 And did strange *Wonders* with a *Jirk*;
 Such that amaz'd the *Suffring side*,
 That nothing but the *Pope* some cry'd,
 Or *Devil*, could bewitch the *Mob*,
 To perpetrate so base a *Job*;
 Thus *Sathan* often bears the blame,
 When *Man* alone deserves the shame;
 For some to *Good* are so averse,
 They need no *Dev'l* to make 'em worse.

By their first *Rapine* made expert,
 They plunder'd now like *Men of Art*;
 With so much readyness run thro' it,
 As if they'd been *Apprentic'd* to it;
 And did their sev'ral *Meetings* gut,
 I' th' time a *Monkey* cracks a *Nut*;
 The sturdy *Pannels* tho' of *Oak*,
 And stubborn *Beams* and *Boards* they broak,
 With as much ease when Warm and Angry,
 As they do *Pie-Crust* when they're Hungry;
 The *Doors* from off their *Hinges* flew,
 And Nails o'th' biggest *Size* they drew;
 More nimbly with their *Knocks* and *Thumps*,
 Than *Tonsor Quack* draws *Rotten Stumps*;
 And when the active *Brutes* had done,
 The *Second Work* they'd thus begun;
 The *Sacred Spoils* they glean'd abroad,
 They brought into the *Western Road*;
 And there among the *Chauc'ry Inns*,
 Where *Sins* are punish'd oft with *Sins*;
 And spiteful *Knaves* that love *Disputes*,
 Give earnest for their *Endless Sates*;

They

They laid their broken *Plunder* down,
 Gather'd from sev'ral Parts oth' *Town*;
 That in the mid'st of that *High-street*,
 Where *Rogues* their dying *Comrades* Greet;
 As the *Pale Wretches* backwards slide,
 In Carts and Sledges to be ty'd;
 They might erect a second *Holy*
Bonfire, to gratify their *Folly*;
 That they might *Revel* to their *Shame*,
 Like sporting *Insects* round the *Flame*;
 And bid *Defiance* to the *Law*,
 That does the *Sword* of *Justice* draw;
 By doing such *Abominations*,
 Before the *Lawyers* *Habitations*;
 So hardy *Rogues* to shew their *Fellows*,
 How little they regard the *Gallows*;
 Make fatal *Tyburn* but their *Scoff*,
 And Rob sometimes in sight thereof.

By that time they had brought enough,
 Of the Old *Holy Householdstuff*;

T' express their *Gladness* in a *Blaze*,
 For these our happy *Halcyon* days;
 And that a second *Fire* might shew,
 Their *Dogstar-Zeal* still the hotter grew;
 The Court apprised of all the *Pains*,
 They'd taken, for no *Thanks* or *Gains*;
 Order'd the *Guards* with speed to *Run*,
 And pay 'em for the *Work* they'd done;
 Left in the height of their *Destraction*,
 They should attempt some *Nobler Action*,
 And seize the *Bank* for *Satisfaction*.

For tho' the *Rabble* mean no hurt,
 And only play the *Rogue* for sport;
 Untill a *Meeting* or a *House*,
 As *Monkeys* will when broken loose;
 And not thro' *Malice*, but for *Pleasure*,
 Do such unlucky *Tricks* as these are;
 Yet the *Dev's* Children oft, 'tis fear'd,
 Steal in among the *Harmless Herd*,
 And lead the thoughtless *Tools*, sometimes,
 To perpetrate most scurvy *Crimes*;

Such

Such that are shameful and unfitting,
 For a true *Mob* of ancient *Britain*;
 Who in past *Ages* us'd to be,
 The Guard of *English Liberty*;
 And would not stir against the *Laws*,
 Except 'twas in a *Pious Cause*;
 Such that our *Holy Brethren* hold,
 And stand by, to be Good and Old,
 Which has so oft involv'd the *Nation*,
 In sad *Domestick Tribulation*;
 A Cause so *Righteous* and *Transcending*,
 That 'tis well worth the *Saints* defending.

But the stanch *Mob* who heretofore,
 Were us'd to cry down *Popish Pow'r*;
 Run headlong now beyond their Tedder,
 As if the *Devil* was their *Leader*;
 So those who in their Godly *Labours*,
 Shew more *Religion* than their Neighbours;
 Ne'er Bicker, Murmur or Repine,
 But with a *Pious* good Design;

Yet when *Old Sathan* that sly *Wolf*,
Ascends from his infernal *Gulf*;
And does without suspicion creep,
Among the *Over-righteous Sheep*;
He sooths them oft by seeming *Friendships*,
To Sins that misbecome their *Saintships*.

The *Guards*, each mounted for the *Fray*,
Like *George* that did the *Dragon* slay;
On *Bobtail Prancer*, fat and plump,
Dock'd close unto his *Sturdy Rump*;
With shining *Whinyard* now advanc'd,
From *Whitehall*, to the *City* pranc'd;
In search of those who had transgress'd
The *Law*, and ought to be suppress'd;
For he that does delight to see,
The *Mob* exert their *Tyranny*;
Deserves by way of *Fellowfeeling*,
To have the *Rabble* sack his *Dwelling*.

The *Guards* by watchful *Spies* and *Scouts*,
Being told by this time whereabouts

The

The Buify Rout were now imploying,
Their *Hands* in Thieving and Destroying ;
Suppress'd the *Brutes* in sev'ral places,
With loaded *Backs* and sweating *Faces* ;
And in the *Borders* where they found 'em,
So guarded the *Avenues* round 'em,
That when they saw themselves betray'd,
Some Skulk'd, and others scour'd like mad ;
Some threw their *Burthens* down much frightened,
And cry'd *Peccavi*, and submitted ;
Some fled like *Debtors* scar'd by Baliffs,
In quest of bie ungarded *Allies* ;
Whilst others dodg'd among the *Horse*,
And stood a pritty shifting *Course* ;
Till a flat stroak upon the *Crown*,
Or cut of *Broad-sword* fetch'd 'em down ;
Some Cowards quite confounded stood,
And *Mercy*, *Mercy* bawl'd aloud ;
Whilst others trembling in the *Fray*,
Beneath the *Horses* Bellies lay ;
Like the Poor *Dragon* that we Paint,
Born down by th' *Capadocian* Saint ;

Some

Some Crafty Zealots cut and wheadl'd,
 And lying vow'd they never meddl'd;
 That they were only Lookers on,
 And humbly beg'd they might be gone;
 Whilst others by their Sweaty Looks,
 Dripping like buify Dog Day Cooks;
 And by their Hands with Dirt made filthy,
 Appear'd beyond Objection Guilty.

Thus some escap'd and sav'd their Bacon,
 Whilst others in the Fact were taken
 In Rowling up Blackfryar's Hill,
 A Pulpit tow'rds the Flaming Pile;
 As if the Sacred Hat from whence,
 The Teacher did such Truths dispense,
 Was no more valu'd by the Mob,
 Than if 't'ad really been a Tub;
 So Rebels when they've storm'd a Town,
 They make Church Riches all their own;
 For when they've Pow'r, they're too invidious,
 To think what's gainful *Sacrilegious*.

Others were catch'd with *Heavy Packs*,
 Of *Pews* they'd pillag'd, on their *Backs* ;
 As if they thought to steal and feed
 The Fire, a *Meritorious Deed* ;
 So those that do at *Skittles* play,
 Will take more *Pains* to lose and pay,
 Than at their *Labour* for *Reward*,
 Altho' it is not half so hard ;
 And all the *Reason* they have for't,
 One they call *Work*, the other *Sport* ;
 Thus the most buify *Knaves* they seiz'd,
 And the less *Guilty Fools* dismiss'd ;
 That those who most deserv'd the *Blame*,
 Might punish'd be with *Publick Shame* ;
 And those unthinking *Slaves* go free,
 Drawn in by meer *Curiosity* ;
 For he that with a *Base intent*,
 Begins those *Ills* he should prevent ;
 Is far more culpable than he,
 Wh' offends thro' meer *Conformity* ;

Or *Madman* like, at random fins,
Without first knowing what he means.

Thus Captain *Tom* and his *Adherents*,
Were by the *Guards* at one *Appearance*,
Frighted from farther *Perseverance*;
For those who did in *Triumph Roar*,
And act such *Ills* but Just before;
Were to their safety now inclin'd,
And fled like *Chaff* before the *Wind*;
For tho' the *Rabble* are as fierce,
Whilst un-oppos'd as *Wolves* and *Bears*;
Yet when a *Lawful Force* draws near,
It turns their *Brutish Rage* to *Fear*.

The *Guards* thus having soon suppress'd,
This monstrous many Headed *Beast*;
And scar'd them back to stinking *Allies*,
From whence at first they made their *Sallies*;
Return'd and left the *Streets* as quiet,
As if there had been no such *Riot*;

Whilst

Whilst those *Justiciary Tools*;

Old Headboroughs and Constables;

To Neighb'ring *Prisons* lead away,

Th' Offenders taken in the *Fray*;

Treating the Tatter'd *Rakes and Clowns*,

With scornful *Picks*, and *Haughty Frowns*,

As if the *Moody Slaves* had been,

Beneath the *Dignity* of Men.

So when *successful Victims* yield,

To their proud *Victors* in the *Field*,

Each *Conqueror* looks sternly *Brave*,

On his dejected *Captive Slave*,

Whose *Courage* eases when *cross*

By *Fortune*, and his *Hopes* are *lost*.

M

CAN-

Among

Willst thou Justice Tools

Old Wharves and Conduits

To Neighbouring Rivers lead away

C A N T O VII.

Treating the Tatter'd Rakes and Clowns

Captain Tom's Speech to his Dispersing Brethren.

Beneath the Dignity of Men.

THE Mob thus scouring in a Hurry

To escape the Giant's tremendous Fury;

Some tatter'd Fragments chanc'd to meet,

As flying in a mighty heat;

That by their Heels they now might shun,

The Dangers that attended on

Those *Impious Deeds* their Hands had done;

For they that make a daring push at

Such *Evils* that the Devil would blush at;

Must never on their *Cause* rely,

But from the *Sword of Justice* fly.

C A N T O M

Among

Among the rest thus running Home,
Was that fam'd Hero, Captain Tom;
Who in past *Reigns* in spite to Kings,
Had done so many wond'rous things;
And in perverse *Rebellious Ages*,
Committed such bold *Sacriledges*;
And with undaunted *Hands* effected,
Strange Works by wiser *Heads* projected.

No sooner were these scatter'd *Troops*
Of *Mob* (that now were past all hopes,
Of further *Mischief*) reunited,
Who'd been so very lately frighted;
But following their *Leader's* Heels,
Into the midst of *Lincoln Fields*;
The sturdy Champion, then aloud,
Cry'd halt to the *Dishearten'd Croud*;
And being gravely fac'd about,
Made this *Oration* to the Rout,

My

My Brethren, Countrymen, and Friends,
 We who should scorn ignoble ends;
 And with our Clubs wherein our trust is,
 Without Reward do Publick Justice;
 Should Recollect when o'er our Tipple,
 That we are now the Sov'reign People;
 No Rabble without Grace or Brains,
 Like those that punish'd Former Reigns;
 No foolish Croud, no Scoundrel Pack,
 To be at e'ery Statesman's Beck;
 No Owls to hollow up a Fool,
 That is some plotting Parties Tool;
 Nor yet such Heath'nish Braves (G. & bless us)
 As some will by our Practice guesse us;
 No, all our Advocates aver,
 We're now the Original of Pow'r;
 That is, the People, and have Rights;
 When e'er we please, to vent our Spire;
 And hope the Kingdom will become,
 In time, a glorious Peopledom;

That

That we once more aloft may mount,

And none dare call us to account.

But then, my Friends, you'l ask, no doubt,

How I thus came to lead you out,

Against their Meetings who assert,

Our Pow'r, and always take our Part;

In Answer to the *Knotty Quere*,

I never to your *Hurt* ensnare ye;

And as to that amusing *Point*,

I own there is a *Mist'ry* in't;

Which tho' at present, I conceal it,

For *Reasons*, yet will time reveal it;

And plainly show, our only Ends,

Were not to wrong but serve our Friends;

Altho our good *Intentions* had,

A *Face*, that look'd so very bad;

So the *Fair Dame* does oft disgrace,

With *Ugly Mask* her *Beauteous Face*;

That when she's pleas'd to shew what's under,

Her Charms may raise the greater wonder.

Besides

Besides, we find, that even *Watchmen*,
 Who lay so many *Traps* to *Catch-men*;
 Break their own *Lanterns* in the *Scuffle*,
 To have a fair Pretence to *Ruffle*
 Those Hot-brain'd Persons in the *Squabble*,
 The Croaking Knaves design to *Bubble*.

Nay, some will scratch their very *Skins*,
 Break their own *Heads*, or bruise their *Shins*;
 Then on their *Adversaries* Charge
 The Crime, to make the *Damage* large.

Ah, *Brethren*, Int'rest mix'd with *Spite*,
 Give wrong, sometimes, the *Face* of *Right*;
 And free the *Guilty* from the *Error*,
 Of which the *Innocent's* the *Bearer*,

However, should our *Friends* mistake,
 And think we do their *Cause* forsake;
 To th' *Scandal* of the *Mob* agree,
 We're guilty of *Inconstancy*;

Yet

Yet granting what they thus suppose,
And that we really are their *Foes*;
Yet still we're fix'd and only run,
The *Course* that we have ever done;
And therefore from their own *Assertions*,
Shall clear our selves from their *Aspersions*.

For do not all their *Scribes* declare,
The *High Church* but a *Faction* are;
Who counter run to all those *Rules*,
Call'd *Revolution Principles*;
And then suppose we had been Guided,
By them, and with their *Int'rest* sided;
'Tis plain, we still had done no more,
Than what we'd ever done before;
For we at all times have been true,
To *Faction*, and they must allow,
By their own *Rules* we are so now.
In Case we really stand affected,
To th' side of which we are suspected;
How then can those of *Conventicle*
Assert, we're giddy, false and fickle,

Since

Since we've been ever true, they know,
 To *Faction*, whether *High* or *Low*,
 Therefore let them think what they will,
 I say, *My Boys*, we're ready still,
 To the same Cause they're always hearty,
 Who strive against the *Rising Party*,
 And still, whene'er they're vexed and cross,
 Oppose the side that's uppermost.

But now, my *Friends*, 'tis time to *March*,
 The *Guards* are coming on the *search*,
 Let's *Scour*, my *Lads*, to save our *Born*,
 For *Woe* be to us if we're taken.

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 'Tis plain, we still have no more,
 Than what we'd ever done before;

For we at all times have been true,

~~To *Faction*, and they must allow,~~

~~By their own *Risks* we are to now.~~

In *Case* we really stand affected,

To the side of which we are suspected;

S. I. N. I. F.

How then can those of *Conscience*
 Assert, we're giddy, false and fickle,

